

THE RUGBY NEWS.

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UNCLE WILLIAM'S PICTURE.

Uncle William, last July,
Had his picture took.
"Have it done, of course," says I,
"Just the way you look!"
(All dressed up, he was, for the
Barbecue and jubilee
The Old Settlers held.) So he—
Last he had it took.

Lide she'd coaxed and begged and plead,
Sence her mother went;
But he'd cough and shake his head
At all sayment;
Mebby clear his throat and say:
"What's my likeness mount to, hey,
Now, with mother gone away
From us, like she went?"

But we'd proffer'd round, tell we
Got it figgered down
How'd we'd git him, Lide and me,
Drivin' into town;
Bragged how well he looked, and fleshed
Up around the face, and freshed
With the morning air; and breshed
His coat-collar down.

All so providential! Why,
Now he's dead and gone,
Picture 'pears so lifelike I
Want to start him on
Them old tales he ust to tell
And old talks, so sociable,
And old songs he sung so well
Fore his voice was gone!

Face is sad to Lide, and they's
Sorrow in the eyes—
Kisses it sometimes, and lays
It away and cries:
I smooth down her hair, and 'low
He is happy, anyhow,
Beh'n there with mother now—
Smile and wipe my eyes.
—James W. Riley, in Century.

FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT.

A Reading-Room Plan That Was a Great Success.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, dropping down into a chair, after finishing her week's ironing; "I do wish I had a little time to read! Not that I complain, but it does seem as if a woman's work was never done."

Her cousin Gertrude looked up from the block house which she was building for the amusement of eighteen-months-old baby May, and two sympathetic lines showed themselves between her brows.

"Poor Nannie! You do have a busy life—and you are only two years older than I! But if I were you, I should not iron those every-day sheets and pillow-cases and towels so conscientiously; and I shouldn't wear so many white skirts, nor dress the baby in white every day."

"Oh! yes you would," sighed Mrs. Nannie. "I used to think just those thoughts. I knew before we were married that Harry's salary would not be large enough for us to keep a housemaid, and I thought our housekeeping would be a sort of play affair. I did make so many good resolutions about letting things go, and furnishing our house simply and dressing simply, but oh dear! There is just about so much to do, no matter whether you think you will get along easily or not. Monday is washing day; Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday, baking; Thursday, sweeping; Friday, mending and sewing, and Saturday, baking again!"

"Yes, Nannie," hesitated Gertrude, but then she went bravely on. "In the first place, your washing is larger than it need be—hush! you must listen—it is. Your starched clothes and the baby's. May would be just as sweet if she were dressed in colored gingham, and she would have a great deal better time, and be healthier, too. I don't wonder that you do not want her to play in the sand, the way you dress her—so that is reform No. 1."

Mrs. Nannie looked as if she wanted to be convinced of this, but that it would take too much heroism and independence, so long as Mrs. Fuller, opposite, and Mrs. Lamson; next door, always kept their little ones so daintily dressed. But Gertrude kept on:

"So, if your washings were smaller, your ironings would be so much easier, too. Harry ought to have his linen sent to the laundry. It is enough to break your back to bend over that table so long. Then comes Wednesday's work. You cook too much—yes you do, Nannie!—that is, you could set a simpler table. You have too many pies and cookies and doughnuts. You know it takes an awfully long time to roll out all those things; and there are so many desserts that are more wholesome and easier made—cold puddings, jellies with cream, custards, and you always have fruit in the summer. Why, my dear girl, you are just spoiling your complexion by staying in the house so much, and standing over that hot stove."

"But I have to, really," interrupted Mrs. Nan.

"No, you must listen. I have saved you at least two hours each day, and now comes Thursday. Nannie, you know that you sweep when it is not necessary. And when you furnished your house you ought to have used more straw matting. But then, I suppose it did not seem handsome enough; yet if

you would only wait for a little dirt to show itself! Oh, I have been so exasperated to see you sweep, sweep, sweep; and now I am going to say all I want to, having begun so fluently," she laughed a little, but continued earnestly, "it always gives you a nervous headache after sweeping, for you are not content with stirring up one room, but you go through all the rooms that you use."

"But Aunt Martha looked as if she thought I was a very shiftless housekeeper."

"Oh, Aunt Martha! yes, she is one of that kind of women who polish their stoves until you can see your face in it. I don't believe in the old-fashioned way of housekeeping, neither do you, but you haven't quite the moral courage to defy gossip. And your sewing, Nannie! Again, you dress the baby as if it were a little princess, and it is not in good taste. Children ought to wear very simple frocks instead of tucks and flounces and insertions. And your own gowns might be made with fewer stitches; and instead of hemming your sheets and pillow-cases by hand, you might use your machine."

"Oh, no!" protested Mrs. Nannie, in dismay.

"Well, if you keep on this way, by the time you are ten years older, and you ought to be a young, fresh, healthy woman at thirty-five, instead of which you will be thin and tired and sorrowful, with a chronic head and backache, always staying in the house, unable to walk or enjoy any thing out of doors; never reading, but engrossed and worried for fear you are not as good a housekeeper as Mrs. Winslow; your horizon bounded by a dishcloth, a broom and a needle! Oh, Nannie! you are too good and sweet and clever to become a mere machine!"

There was a little silence; then Mrs. Nannie spoke, and her voice was a little husky, yet there was a new ring in it, as if she would look beyond her world that was growing so narrow.

"What would you have me do? There is no library in town—this is only a little New England village—and I don't believe there are women enough here who would take interest enough to form a magazine club."

"Have you ever tried?" asked Gertrude.

"No," Mrs. Nannie hesitated.

"Well, I have a plan. At the end of the week I will tell it to you, if it succeeds, and you must agree to the conditions."

And so the matter was left.

When Saturday night came and the work had all been done, and baby May was sound asleep, Gertrude drew Mrs. Nannie down on the sofa beside her, took a paper from her pocket and said: "How would you like a reading-room?"

Mrs. Nannie's eyes grew bright.

"Well, you may have one. I have hired that room over Mr. Brown's store. It used to be Mrs. Jackson's dress-making room. Well, I have hired it for a year—that is my share. Oh, never mind, it wasn't much. Well, here are nearly fifty names; they represent twenty families, and each person pledges only one dollar apiece, which makes fifty dollars, for papers and periodicals. You can select what you wish—probably a daily or two; the leading magazines—an art magazine, book review, juveniles for the young, and whatever else you wish, for there will be a few more dollars added yet. I have been to Dr. Moore, and he has kindly offered to have the floor painted. Mrs. Williams has given her old drugget for a large rug; Mr. Barnes has sent over several pictures, and some of the young people are going to put up red Canton flannel draperies at the windows, and others are to donate chairs and tables. The room will be very cozy and attractive. Every thing will be in working order by the first of October."

"This is like a fairy story! You are a witch, I believe. No one else could have ever opened these purses."

"People seemed very willing, after the first hesitation, of course. It all will not cost them more than two dollars apiece for the year—wood and lights, you know, included. Any way, it is a good experiment to try. I should advise you to form a club, and meet at least once a week; then the library can be kept open two or three hours each afternoon and evening. You can fill take turns, you know, if it is necessary to have some one there."

"It is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Nannie, unable to say more.

The next summer Gertrude came to visit her cousin, and though, of course, she had heard about the success of her little literary undertaking, she was glad to see for herself how much good had been done.

"We could not get along without it," said Mrs. Nannie. "Why, we have something to think about besides ourselves and each other. We know what is going on in the world, and it has given us a new interest in life. Then, too, we grow more social; I think you

will see that the people are very much improved. Everybody is so kind. We have had books given us. We found we needed a cyclopedia for reference, and when Mr. Simms, the clergyman, bought a new Britannica, he gave us his old set. And he is such a help to us. We have a regular class in Universal Literature, and Political Science, too; Mr. Simms teaches us. We women are learning a great deal about our country, and I think the voters are growing a little wiser. The boys are better behaved and more polished, and the girls more cultivated. We married people do what we can; then it is so pleasant to get out together. We have something to talk about besides bonnets, pies and the baby's last tooth," laughed Mrs. Nannie.

"And you can 'slight' housework a little?" questioned Gertrude mischievously, then added: "Why, you look as young as you did when you were first married—handsomer, too!"

"So Harry tells me," blushed Mrs. Nannie. "I manage to walk a little every day, too. I agree with you, there is nothing like fresh air and sunlight. Harry has me use dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and now is going to put up some chest-weights. I used to say that I had all the gymnastics I wanted with a broom and wash-board—but looks broader one so!"

Gertrude refrained from saying: "I told you so!"

"I think the men like it immensely. Instead of getting off by themselves and smoking in some store, they always find companionship at the club-room, and we are not intellectual enough yet to frighten them. How narrow we were growing, until you came here, like a good Samaritan, and led us in the right direction."

"It is deplorable," admitted Gertrude, "to know how provincial villagers often become, and it is so unnecessary. I know that individuals can not always buy books nor subscribe for magazines, but on this mutual benefit plan a great deal can be accomplished with very little expense."

"I am going to write about it!" exclaimed Mrs. Nannie. "I presume there are hundreds of villagers just as benighted as we were. Why, we could not live without our reading-room; and more than that, we have learned how to work without becoming slaves, or jaded, faded old women."—Mrs. Merry, in Good Housekeeping.

INTRUSION OF SELF.

One Who Constantly Forces Himself Into
Our Thoughts and Language.

This insignificant intruder is at all times one of the most impertinent companions in the world. You may try every art and contrivance in your power to get free from his troublesome conversation, the creature will press upon your retirement and force himself upon you in spite of your teeth; will be meddling in your affairs, setting them in such a light as can not fail of putting you out of humor, or teasing you with reflections that make you weary of your life. No place is safe from him. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed and penetrate through the thickest darkness into the deepest recess; will travel with you by land or sea, and will not quit you though you be in banishment.

There is a very whimsical circumstance, at the same time, attendant upon this paradoxical character. Most people are reproached with loving him with the greatest partiality and boldness, and are greatly delighted, it is said, to hear him praised; yet very few seek to come to the knowledge of him or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greater part, by all possible means, avoid encountering him. It is surprising to see, say they, the pains that are continually taken and the contrivances used to get rid of this continued phantom. Some flatter him; some bully him; some endeavor to impose upon him; some carry him to the gaming-table; others to the bottle, and the like; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity; like the reckoning, he appears after the banquet is over, and not unfrequently reproaches one with profusion and another with satiety. Nay, so galling are his reprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances, even in high life, of some who, not being able to help him otherwise off, have called to their relief the halber, the dagger or the pistol, and fairly removed themselves into another world to get rid of him.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Cap Fit.

Minister (consoling)—Weep not, my poor woman. Think how much better off your husband is.

Widow Vixen—Do you mean that for a slur?—Life.

Teacher—"What is the gender of grave?" Willie—"Masculine." Teacher—"Why so?" "Because it gives up no secrets."—N. Y. Herald.

FAMOUS VIOLINS.

Rare Specimens from the Hands of the
Most Celebrated Makers.

There is no absolutely-determinable standard by which the superiority of old violins from the hands of famous makers can be established.

Perhaps Stradivari, Nicholas, who lived and made violins in Cremona, Italy, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, should be credited with popularizing the violin as much as any one in history. To be sure, Amati, whose name is one of the famous ones still, was a little earlier and taught Stradivari the art.

But for the man who did most toward establishing the present rule as values for violins of ancient make the world must look to Louis Tensio, an Italian collector, who was at the meridian in the first quarter of the present century. Tensio was a lover of violins, either for themselves or the money that he acquired by trading in them. He roamed about Europe, buying up old violins and trading new ones for them. In old monasteries he received many a rare one, which the owner was only too glad to exchange for one of the newer finish. This goes to show how little was then appreciated the benefit of age which now is such an important factor in the value of an instrument. Tensio was found dead one day in his house in Milan, surrounded by his collection of violins, which probably could not be reproduced for its rare and fine instruments to-day from all the collections in the world.

The name of Guanaricus stands next to that of Stradivari to-day for excellence of make, especially the name of Joseph Guanaricus del Jesu, whose trade-mark was I. H. S. A hundred years ago the Amati violins stood higher in the value of the world than those of Stradivari, but they have since exchanged their positions. To-day an Amati must be exceptionally fine to be worth more than \$500 or \$600, while as good specimens of the Stradivari or Guanaricus are probably worth, respectively, as many and half as many thousands.

One of the finest, or at least most precious, Guanaricus instruments extant is that which Paganini used, and now preserved in a glass case in the Municipal Palace at Genoa. Paganini's pupil, Sivori, is probably the only one who has played on it since his master's death, and that only once.

In this country, Mr. Hawley, of Hartford, Conn., has an exceedingly valuable collection of rare violins. He has no less than five specimens of Stradivari and three of Guanaricus. One of the latter is known as the King Guanaricus, that is the finest product of the artist. It is valued at \$3,500.

Theodore Havemeyer, of this city, has a number of rare and valuable instruments, among which are more than one Stradivari and Joseph Guanaricus del Jesu, with the I. H. S. brand of excellence.—Chicago Journal.

Took Her Hand with Her Fortune.

A young solicitor the other day got a verdict for a client of considerable riches but little beauty. Shortly afterward, in due course of business, he sent her a somewhat formidable account. On the following day his client called on him, and asked him if he had been serious in his proposal.

"Proposal? But I have not proposed," replied the solicitor, somewhat aghast.

"What?" replied his fair client, calmly. "You have asked for my fortune! I should have supposed that you would at least have had the politeness to take me along with it."

The next day she received a revised account as follows:

"Miss B., debtor to Mr. C. for legal business performed."

Then in place of "£ s. d." was "Total amount, Miss B."—London Figaro.

Paternal Approval.

"You have been fighting, my son," said the alderman from the Steenth ward, severely.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "The dirty little scoundrel on the other side of the street told me you'd sell your vote in the council any time for a hundred dollars, and I chugged him one on the jaw."

"That was right, my son," said the alderman. "One hundred dollars"—and he spoke with much emphasis and decision—"would be no temptation."—Chicago Tribune.

Making a Point.

Mrs. Slimpurse—My dear, I was utterly amazed, shocked, to hear you use such ungrammatical expressions while talking to Mrs. De Fashion. Why did you do it?

Miss Slimpurse—I wanted her to think our family was rich enough to have me brought up by the servants.—Good News.

PITH AND POINT.

—Where you will find the girls and boys industriously paring—at an apple bee.—Drake's Magazine.

—"Emmeline, can you keep a secret?" he whispered hoarsely. "I don't know; I never tried to. What is it?"—Philadelphia Press.

—"If the time ever comes when an ordinary man weighs more than a ton it happens along about the time a boot-black calls him 'Colonel.'—Ram's Horn.

—"A clock manufacturer advertises that his wares have 'a dead beat attachment.' So have we; No. 7s, with nails in the heels and extra heavy tips.—Philadelphia Traveler.

—"Do you have much excitement down here on the beach?" "Oh, yes. With a good glass I can see sea serpents almost any day." "A good glass of what?"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

—"Son—'Father, I am twenty-one and I want a silk hat.' Father—'But you haven't a dress suit yet.' Son—'No, but I would have to have one if I had a silk hat.'—Clothing and Furnisher.

—"You are more than beautiful, madam." "Don't flatter, sir—don't flatter. I can not forget that I am thirty years old." "But what are thirty years in comparison to eternity?"—Fliegende Blätter.

—"The Race Improving."—"How is your son getting along at school, Uncle Abe?" "Mighty fine, sah. Gitten ter be a gem'man mighty fast. Ye jes order see how he makes fun of us two ole ignerent nigger folks when he comes home. It makes me mighty proud, sah."—Epoch.

—"Returned for Repairs.—Dashaway—"Do you remember that some time ago I borrowed an umbrella from you one night, when it was raining? Here it is." Cleverton—"You don't mean to say you have brought it back?" Dashaway—"Of course I have brought it back. I want it re-covered."—N. Y. Sun.

—"The Chief Clerk (aside)—'His royal nibs ain't himself to-day. Kind of silent and sad. Wonder what's up.' Unregenerate Office-Boy (sotto voce)—'Guess my little plan worked. Knowned it would when I fastened the typewriter's yaller hair on his overcoat last night. An' I'll do it every time he calls me a chump.'—Pittsburg Bulletin.

—"Florine—"Have you heard, Winifred, of the death of our young friend, Charlie Addle?" Winifred—"No. The poor fellow's really dead, eh?" Florine—"He is, and his death is an event which will leave quite a void in our little circle." Winifred—"How appropriate! It couldn't leave any thing that would more eloquently recall him to mind."—Boston Courier.

—"A well-dressed, ladylike-looking woman entered a street-car the other day with her little boy of about six years of age. On the conductor coming to collect the fares, the lady handed her little son a fifty-cent piece, he being nearer the door. The little fellow examined the coin carefully and then gave it to the conductor. Scarcely had the man returned the change than the youngest clapped his hands, and looking at his mother exclaimed triumphantly: 'Mamma, mamma, he has taken the bad fifty cents.'—Demorest's Monthly.

THE OBSTINATE CAMEL.

An American's First Experience with the
Lumbering Animal.

If any other animal gives out it is still possible to make it travel a few miles by a judicious use of patience and a club; but not so with a camel. When he lies down he will get up only when he feels like doing so; you may drag at the string which is fastened to the stick through his nostrils till you tear it out, he will only groan and spit. It was my first experience with camels, and I vowed that it would be my last; for, taking them altogether, they are the most tiresome and troublesome animals I have ever seen, and are suited only to Asiatics, the most patient and long-suffering of human beings.

Besides their infirmities of temper, resulting, I believe, from hereditary dyspepsia, as evidenced by such coated tongues, offensive breaths, and gurgling stomachs as I have seen with no other ruminants, they are delicate in the extreme. They can work only in the winter months, for as soon as their wool begins to fall, Sampson like, their strength abandons them.

They can travel only over a country where there are no stones, for the pads of their feet wear out and then they have to be patched, a most troublesome operation. The camel is thrown and a piece of leather stitched on over the foot, the stitches being taken through the soft part of it; in this condition it may travel till the skin has thickened again; or, what is more likely, until it refuses to take a step.—W. Woodville Rockhill, in Century.